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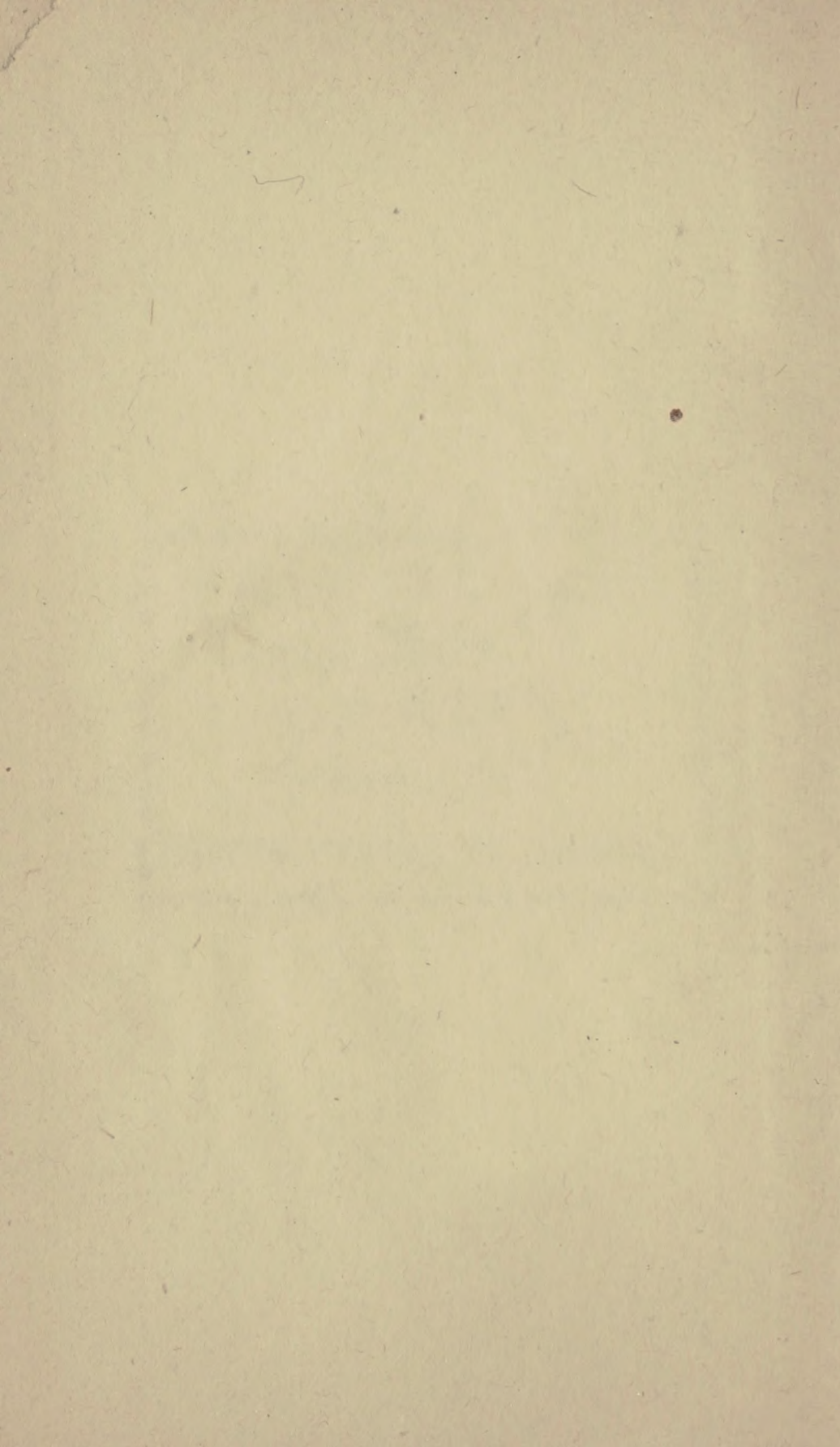
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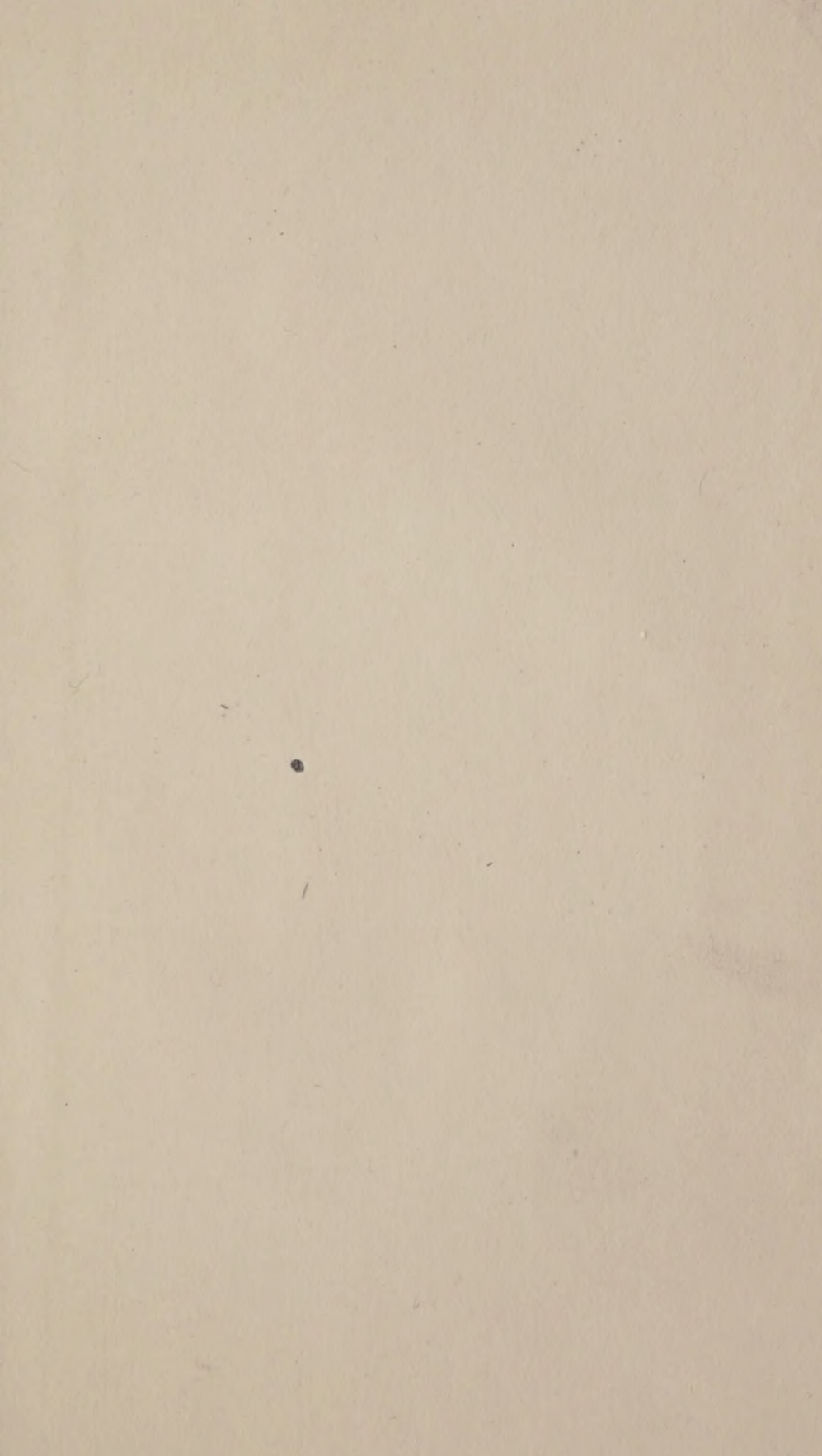
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How Paul Became an Artist — Frontispiece.



"Hallo there, Black-eyes; I say, why don't you come out?"

p. 5.

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HOW

PAUL BECAME AN ARTIST;

#6800

OR,

“Looking Out” and “Looking In.”



PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,
No. 1122 CHESTNUT STREET.

NEW YORK:
Nos. 7, 8, & 10 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.

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HOW PAUL BECAME AN ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.



“HALLOO, there! Black-eyes! I say, why don't you come out?”

The salutation could not, perhaps, be called studied or graceful, but the voice and manner seemed to make it all right, so cordial and cheery were they; and the friendly tone signified quite distinctly, “Is any thing the matter?”

It was a strange little window out of which “Black-eyes” was looking, and a strange little street on which the window fronted; so very narrow and crooked too,—so narrow, indeed, that the little strip of sky over it could not be seen without turning your face directly upward,

and so crooked that scarcely a block came into view at either end. And as for a grass-plot before the doors! the black eyes had not seen a dozen blades growing together in such a dreary long time: only the three or four that occasionally thrust their way through a crack between two paving-stones, or leaned against the side of the house, as if trying to escape from the unpromising part of the world in which they found themselves.

But over opposite there was a dingy sign,

R. QUINIPÉL,
FAMILY GROCERIES.

and underneath it a mixed assortment of pails, brooms, vegetables, rakes, shovels, eggs, barrels, churns, &c., which were intended to serve as a fuller advertisement than the sign could furnish. And although the black eyes did not look out upon much of what flies in the air or grows upon the ground, they had studied all the above-named array until the busy little

brain which they served could have given a full list, without one article "lost, strayed, or stolen;" and if any change was made in their daily arrangement upon the side-walk, would always detect it in a moment. It was a great thing this grocery-store of "R. Quinipel!" for although the milk-cart, and the butcher-boy, and the market-wagon, and the ragman, with his bells, all passed through the crooked street every day, as well as now and then a truck, with great, splendidly-formed horses, still there were many long, weary hours when nothing seemed to come; and then there was always the shop, almost always some customer inside, and from the window opposite all the movements could be watched, all the examination of goods, the decision upon purchases, the making of change. Oh! it was a great part of life to the owner of the eyes!

Once he had heard "R. Quinipel" disputing with his landlord and threatening to leave, and great trouble it brought him; for the brightest of pictures was to be taken down

from his little gallery ! but it had been so long since,—the sign and advertisements remaining still undisturbed,—that he began to feel tolerably secure again.

The narrow street served, among other good uses, as a cross-cut to a broad and long one, on which were many buildings of pretension, one of the finest of which had carved over the brown-stone portico,—

“ ——— STREET SCHOOL.”

It was in going to this school that Arthur Gray one morning, in a great hurry, took the short cut through the crooked street, and in passing “ R. Quinipel’s,” glanced across and saw a pale face and a pair of black eyes looking out of the window opposite. A vision of them seemed to haunt him all the rest of the morning ; they stared up at him from his books, down from the blackboard, out from recitation-room, everywhere ;—sad, eager, longing, patient, but at the same time with a look as if they had been made to light up for a bright smile and a hearty laugh. So Arthur

determined that he must have another look at them ; but when he had taken it, he found he wanted another quite as much, and he had come that way every day for a week, until at last he broke out involuntarily with the exclamation already given,—

“Halloo, there! Black-eyes! I say, why don’t you come out?”

A flush came up to the pale face, as if a wound had been touched unexpectedly.

“I can’t,” he answered, dropping his glance for an instant, then fixing it full upon the face of his questioner.

“Can’t? How’s that? Does any one object?”

“Yes,” was the answer. “I’m lame.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Arthur, “that’s a pity. You are getting well, though, I suppose?” While he said to himself, “What a stupid! Couldn’t you see without asking?”

The flush deepened to crimson ; for a moment there was no answer. Then he said, gently, “I am not getting well ; I never can get well.”

Arthur made another remark to himself, "What a savage! Will you never have sense?" as he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon! I ought to have seen. But you looked so lonely here, and I felt so sorry for you, I couldn't go by any longer without speaking."

"You are very kind," replied his new acquaintance, "and I don't mind telling you. It wouldn't be much, except that I cannot get to school, and it is going to make it so hard for sister Marguerite."

"Look here," said Arthur, "may I come in?"

"You can't get in at the door, for Marguerite has taken the key. I don't know whether you can climb in here at the window; if you can, you may."

Arthur stooped down to make an inspection as to his chances, and saw a shawl thrown over a chair, on which lay a pillow, and through the shawl the outline of two little feet, stretched helplessly upon it. "Never mind," said he, concealing his dismay, "I'll sit right down

here on the window-sill: we can talk just as well. Now, if you don't really mind, I wish you would tell me all about it,—how long you have been lame, and whether the doctor can't do any thing for you, and whether anybody else can, and all the rest. And tell me what your name is first, please, so that I shall know what to call you."

"My name is Paul Eckhart, and I have been lame a year. I know it is a year, because when I first sat up, the last bit of ice was melting from the street, just as it is now. The doctor says I can never be any better, and I had best go to an hospital; but Marguerite says she will never hear of that. I wish she would, though."

"Why, would you like to go off there all by yourself?"

The lame boy shook his head. "It would kill me in a little while," he said, "and then Marguerite wouldn't have to fret about my being lame any more; and I am such a drag upon her now. All day long, while she is

working so hard to keep us both up, she is thinking how lonely I am at home, and fearing something will happen to me; and when she comes at night she has always spent all her money to buy me some little thing that she fancies I like, or some medicine that she thinks will make me stronger. I know she likes it so; but I think it would be better the other way."

"That's pretty well," said Arthur; "when you think it would kill you to be separated from her, you are planning to leave her to go on alone the best way she may. But what do you do all day sitting here alone?"

"Not much," said Paul. "I want some books *so much*. That is the only thing. It seems as if I couldn't bear that I cannot go to school and get ready to do something to help. Sister Marguerite reads with me sometimes in the evening; but she is always so tired, and has all the sewing, and it is the only time we have to talk. And then the money goes so fast without buying books. I

never tell her I want them. Daytimes I don't do much but look out.

"If books were the only trouble," said Arthur, "that could be soon enough settled. But you couldn't get along without a dominie at your elbow; could you? I never can."

"I don't know what a dominie is," said Paul; "but I don't need any thing at my elbow. I forget every thing when I have a book. But this is the only one I have now," pointing to one which lay in the window, "and I have read it so many times that I can tell what it says just as well when it is shut as when it is open."

Arthur picked it up to read the title, and a flutter of scraps of paper fell from it. They lighted, some on the floor, some in Paul's cap, and some on the cushion of his chair. One fell face upward, on the shawl spread over his feet, and he made a sudden movement to cover it.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Arthur, "there's me! Where did I come from?" Eyes and nose

and buttons, and all the rest, to the life! You don't keep a photographing establishment here, do you?"

"Oh!" said Paul, greatly distressed. "I'm so sorry; for I'm sure you won't understand it. But I get so tired of doing nothing, and I always did love to draw,—better than any thing else in the world, unless to study; and so I keep a bit of a pencil here, and Marguerite brings me pieces of paper, and when I see any thing new going by, I just put it down. I couldn't help noticing you, you know."

"I should think you did just put it down," said Arthur. "Why, I look as if I were just out of Brady's, and going to catch the school-room door by the last quarter of a second! Have you got any thing else as good as that?"

"Oh, don't look at them!" begged Paul; "they are nothing, only one or two houses and little things."

But Arthur had already picked up a handful.

"Oh, you will let me look at them!—I must look at them!" he said. "My con-

science, what a house! And there's R. Quinipel's, and every individual thing he ever put outside the door! He need never take account of stock, I'm sure, if you would let him have this. And here is,—I declare if here isn't that funny little committee-man that comes into our school every term! So he has found his way through here, has he? If he knew how much funnier he got by it, he would take the other side of the city in future. And here's the old ragman, bells and all, and another pair of horses, every muscle in their bodies like life. What an eye you have! Professor Alger would go wild with delight if I could do one tenth part as well. But I must go: it don't do to be late at dinner. I hope you don't mind my having stopped. I'll come again, if you don't;" and, springing from the window-sill, he was gone.

The lame boy sat still looking out after he was left alone; the unexpected visit had been quite an excitement to him; but he was so accustomed to living his little life in silence

behind eyes fixed upon the street, that no one would have suspected he was thinking of any thing within : in reality he saw nothing before him, while many thoughts chased each other through his busy brain.

“He’s gone ! It was strange he should think of speaking to me. I wonder if he will come again ? I wish he would ; but I guess he’ll forget it. How strong and well and happy he is ! Such a bundle of books ! and goes to school every day. He can do every thing he likes now, and I suppose he always can. That seems so strange. I wonder how it would feel ? I need not wonder, though, for I shall never know. Oh ! no one *begins* to know how hard it is,—so hard. Not even Marguerite knows. I wouldn’t let her for the world. Oh ! if any thing could be done. If any one would try ! I don’t mean give me any thing. I wouldn’t be a beggar for the world, but just try if I couldn’t be cured. It’s no use, though ; the doctor said it wasn’t. He said he should send me something, too ;

but he hasn't. I suppose he forgot it: every one forgets, it seems to me. It's five days now since he was here. Only five days! It seems as if it was a month. There's the shadow falling over the curb-stone; it will be time for Marguerite in one more hour."

CHAPTER II.



DOCTOR and Mrs. Varnum sat at dinner in the frescoed dining-room, an elegant dinner-service and tempting viands spread before them, served by a black butler, who seemed to realize the dignity of his position in the very crimp of his jetty hair. Dr. Varnum was one of the "successful" physicians of the city, able to charge so much a minute for his visits, and never going to make one in any thing less stylish than his own carriage, which shone to the last degree, and was driven by a statuesque coachman, as fashionable-looking as the butler in the dining-room. Mrs. Varnum herself drove in her own coupé, smiled on every one, hoped every one was very well and very happy, and presided gracefully and charmingly at the doctor's table.

“I had quite an interesting call, a day or two ago,” said the doctor, as he took his coffee-cup: “one of those cases that always interest you. I will tell you about it, for I really should like to have some little things sent down. By the way, how is that blind girl,—I forget her name?”

“Really, my dear, I do not know who you mean.”

“The nurse we had for Willie; she was so destitute, and you were going to see about her getting something from the Relief Fund. Did you succeed?”

“Oh yes, I recollect; but the truth is, I had a good deal of company that week, and by the time I was at leisure I had no doubt some of her other employers had looked after her. But who is it to-day?—some very poor person?”

“No; oh no,—I think not. Every thing looked very comfortable and tidy; still, the little fellow is very much like a bird in a cage: not too much variety or pleasure, you know,

and if you can drop in a bit of something green, or move the cage into the sunlight for a few moments as you pass by, why, very well."

"Certainly ; it is such a pleasure to do any thing of that kind," said Mrs. Varnum. "Do tell me about it at once."

"The boy met with an accident about a year ago, and is a cripple. His parents are dead, and he lives with a young sister,—a fine girl she seems, too, and her heart bound up in the boy. But she might as well give him up ; it's a pretty hopeless case, I am sorry to say. And he sits there by himself all day. I am afraid he finds it a little dull."

"The poor little fellow !" said Mrs. Varnum, as she dropped a lump of sugar into her cup ; "and nothing can be done for him ? Why, something *must* be done ! We *must* have him cured !"

"It is a pretty hopeless case," repeated the doctor. "I advised him to go to the hospital, where he would have care and plenty of company, but the sister did not seem to like the

idea. The only thing that can be done, I suppose, is to make him a call once in a while, and take him a little taste of something nice, or a book to pass the time. He will not live long, probably."

"The poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Var-num again; "why, he ought to have every thing done: he *must* have every thing done. I will take him any thing in the world that would be good for him, if I only knew what he fancied. What would be best? I am afraid I haven't any thing, though, suitable for an invalid. Wouldn't he like flowers? That's a happy thought! But, then, the conservatory is doing so poorly. And, in fact, I am very timid about driving in those parts of the city. I will speak to Mrs. Parker about him: that will be the best way. She is always thinking of just the right thing for such people, and it is *such* a pleasure to do for them. I really think they have a claim for whatever can be done. And—oh! can you go to Mrs. Bairnard's to-night? we have her cards. It

will be quite brilliant, I imagine, and General Delafield is to be there, with his suite."

The footman came in just then with a card.

"Very sorry, sir; knows it is not office-hours, but leaves the city in the morning, sir."

"Oh! my old patient, Mr. Graham. Well, I suppose I must see him; but it is a little hard never to know that you have a quiet hour. Yes, I will try to go with you this evening, though I may not be ready very early."

They were dining at Mrs. Gray's, too; and Arthur had only reached home just in time, all excitement about his new-found friend, and monopolizing his father's attention with a full account of his interview.

"I wish you could see him, papa," he said, when every particular had been told; "if you could only once see him, I know you would think as much of him as I do. It really seems a shame to leave him there so sick and lonely. I am sure something could be done, if not to cure him at least to cheer him up."

“Well,” said his father, “what are you going to do, then?”

“I, papa! Why, of course I can’t do any thing: I’m only a boy.”

“Now, my dear son,” said Mr. Gray, “there are two very important lessons for you to learn, and while you are ‘a boy’ is by far the best time to learn them. One is, that if you want any thing done, and done to your satisfaction, the best way is to do it yourself. You have no one to complain of then, and no one to wait for or to disappoint you. The second is, that if the whole world were to stand and look at a thing that had fallen down, and say it ought to be picked up, but no one should touch it, it would lie there forever. Do you agree with me?”

“Why, yes, papa,” said Arthur, laughing. “As to the last thing, I should not like to argue against that; but as to the first, there are thousands of things I might want done that I couldn’t possibly do myself.”

“But you can do a great many more than

you think ; and for the rest, you can attend to them, and see to it that they are done. For instance, if I see a loose brick in a sidewalk, I might say : ‘That is very wrong, really quite dangerous; some one ought to attend to it. Neighbour Smith, you know Commissioner Brown; suppose you speak to him about it, or just tell Mr. Pimlico,—he likes to see every thing in order,—and I have no doubt he will take care of it:’ but I think I should be much more sure to have the matter set right if I were to stop as I passed by, push the brick into its place and stamp it down. If it were a paving-stone, however, and I were not in the way of using a pickaxe and crowbar, I should step into the office of the person whose duty it was to attend to it, and leave a report. Then I should expect to see it repaired at once, perhaps before I came up-town again. Do you agree with me now ?”

“ Oh yes ; I suppose I must ; but it is a great deal easier just to ‘tell papa’ about things, and leave them to him.”

“I dare say; and then suppose ‘papa’ thinks it the easiest way to tell Mr. Somebody, and Mr. Somebody tells Mr. Somebody else, and so on, till the last one told happens to forget it. No, my boy; that is never going to do for you by-and-by, and I want you to learn a better way at once. Now, if this little fellow you have found is all you think him, you have an excellent opportunity of doing good, by lightening up a dark little heart; and I would not have you miss it for a great deal. I want you to know him better, and as fast as you make up your mind just what he needs and just what you are willing to do for him, let me know, and if you really require my help, I will be ready.”

Arthur looked a little sober.

“I am afraid I shall feel what Dr. McGregor calls in his sermon ‘a great weight of responsibility.’”

“Well,” said Mr. Gray, “all you have to do is to take it up like a man, and you will, by the exertion of your powers in a good cause,

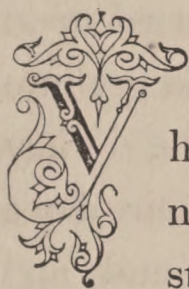
find it changed into the 'greatest weight' of happiness you ever felt."

"Well, then, papa," said Arthur, brightening up, "I have made up my mind already to one thing he needs, that is to have some books, so that he can study. He can do it by himself, he says; and there are lots of old ones that most of us have read. Can I take some along to-morrow?"

"As many as you like," said his father, rising from the table; "only you had better ask if your mother can spare the carriage before you make up too large a load."

"There, papa, you are always quizzing me! no matter how serious you really are. I declare it's too bad. Never mind, though, so that I have the books; and I had better be looking them up to-night. I shall feel really shy, I know, when I come to give them to him, for I am sure he is every inch as much a gentleman's son as I am."

CHAPTER III.



VERY early Arthur thought it when he was ready to leave the house the next morning; the city clock had only struck eight half an hour before. And very early Mrs. Varnum thought it, as she opened her eyes wide enough to look at her watch, and to judge as well as she could through her curtained windows whether it promised a pleasant day.

“Only six hours’ rest!” she said to herself; “that will never do. And I have nothing to take me out this morning. I cannot even think of a person I wish to visit or a single matter that I wish to attend to. I must try to sleep away another hour or so;” and, slipping her watch under her pillow, she composed herself for another nap.

But the black eyes had been looking out for

a full hour and a half; they had watched sister Marguerite turn the corner and disappear on her way to the office, where she spent every day; they had seen "R. Quinipel's" shutters taken down, the advertisements assorted upon the side-walk, and quite a little world get into motion through the crooked streets. They and the brain they served had their day's work too, looking and thinking, and had already done so much that they were beginning to wonder how many more hours before noon and time for dinner would come.

"It must be long past school-time," said the lame boy to himself,—*"long past."* He will not come by to-day, I am sure. Oh! I do hope he wasn't so vexed about the picture that he never will come this way any more. And as for his speaking to me again, I am sure he won't do that. Oh, dear! I'm sorry; I like so much to speak to any one. I almost forget how, though, it is so seldom. But he makes two this week. I'm afraid it will be a long time before such a thing happens again.

There goes a load of green boughs ; they have been cutting down the woods somewhere. I'm afraid they will cut them all down before I get well enough and sister gets rich enough to drive out and see them. Oh ! there's a branch fallen ! I do hope it won't be spoiled before she comes. I would like to have it so much. Now I think I'll do my arithmetic. The paving-stones are pretty clear this morning, but I can find something to mark off my sum. Oh, here is a straw that reaches from the middle of the street to the gutter : that will do for one side ; and on the other there's a stick and the green bough : that will do gaily. There are seventeen in the first row ; put down seven and carry one. Thirteen in the next ; put down three and carry one ; twenty, nought and carry two. Silence ! no studying aloud ; disturbs the classes : finished. There, I'll risk a good deal on that's being all right. Now I must look for a multiplication ; this time I'll begin——Oh !”

“Didn't see me coming, did you ?” said

Arthur, his beaming face looking in at Paul's window.

"No," said Paul,—raising one equally radiant,—“I didn't, and I thought it was too late for you to come at all to-day.”

“Too late! why, man alive! what are you thinking of? I have been bending all my energies to getting an early start this morning, and have got down here at twenty minutes of nine, in spite of two straps of books instead of one. Now I'm going to show you what I have done; I do hope you won't take it amiss. I have just looked over some piles of books at home that some of us have finished, and brought a few along to you; do you think you can manage them alone?”

The pale face flushed crimson once more, but not this time with pain;—joy, sudden and overflowing, rushed up, until, unaccustomed as it was to any thing but quiet suffering, it knew not what to do with its new guest, and could only quiver and glow in silence.

Arthur's quick eye saw it all, and, almost

equally delighted, he rattled on to save embarrassment.

“You won’t mind their not being quite new, will you? Some of them have really hardly been touched. And I did not know what to bring, because you had not told me how far you had been; so I picked up ‘the three r’s,’ as the man said,—reading, writing, and ‘rithmetic; and there’s a geography and a grammar, and I don’t know what else. Here’s a Latin book, too; I brought that because I can’t bear it, just to see if you would like it. Do you like to try?”

“Oh!” began Paul, “you don’t mean I can keep them?—can use them as much as I like?”

“Of course you can; and then, you know, if you should happen to find any trouble with any thing, why, I shall be going by every day, and perhaps I might help you. I ought to be able, I am sure.”

“Yes,” said Paul, “but I don’t know what to say. I don’t see how you came to do this

for me. I wish I could say what I mean. I know you will never understand."

"Oh! there is no need of saying any thing, so that you only like them and don't mind my bringing them. But I must not stay: it will be nine o'clock before I know it. I'll stop on my way home and see how you get along."

The lame boy sat as if entranced after Arthur had gone: his hair tossed back from his forehead, the blue veins coming more and more plainly into sight, as his eyes, liquid and brilliant with their great joy, seized upon one volume after another, his slender fingers touching them as caressingly as if they had been living things. Once only during that long morning did he drop the book he was holding, and begin the old looking out; but in that once he saw nothing. He was only letting his heart expand and glow with the wonder whether at last things were going to change in his poor little life; for in the course of the eleven whole years that had made it up, Paul

could scarcely remember a pleasure. He saw others have them, and heard of what seemed to him immeasurable ones; but they never came to him, and he could not even imagine that they ever should. But sister Marguerite—his sun, on the light and warmth of whose love he lived,—often said, “Things will not always be so, little brother; the good Lord is too pitiful! There will come a change; either he will take thee home where joys flow like a river, or thou shalt see pleasure here, as others do who are not half as pure and good as thou.”

She and Paul were born across the water, in beautiful Marseilles, and though they had lived there but a few years, she often spoke to him in the language he had first heard around him. English was not tender enough, she thought, or if she used it, she always kept the “thou” as if to soften what she said into a caress. Believing every word from her as a golden truth, Paul had waited and watched to see in what way the change would come.

When the doctor spoke of his going to the hospital, he felt that would be more than he could bear, and said to himself, "It would come then, surely ; I should die in a few days there."

But when sister Marguerite had said positively that she would not listen to his going, he quietly began his waiting and watching once more. And now, to-day, a change had certainly come,—a great joy, an inexpressible pleasure, that seemed to fill not only his heart, but the whole room and the crooked street, with brightness. Was it the beginning of what Marguerite had promised?

Then he turned to his books again, and became lost in them as before.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Arthur's voice in his ear, "I do believe I could step across this window, and take possession of every thing, and you would not know it. Here I have been standing for full five minutes, watching you 'all unsuspected.' And the second time to-day, too."

Paul started.

“What is the matter?” he asked. “Were you late? Was the door locked?”

“The door locked!” echoed Arthur, with a ringing laugh. “The door was open only too wide, and I have had a good three hours’ pull at my books. I should think you had pretty much the same, judging from the looks of things.”

“Oh!” said Paul, “I did not think it was an hour since you went away. And I don’t know how to thank you any better than I did at first. I am afraid to tell you what you seem to me.”

“What do I seem, then? I should like to hear.”

Paul raised his eyes and fixed them full upon Arthur.

“You seem like some one sent to me. Did you feel any thing telling you to come?”

“You are a strange boy,” said Arthur, a little embarrassed. “Nothing told me that I know of, except your own face. But how did

you get on with the books? Are they right for you?"

"Oh, just right!" said Paul. "I can begin exactly where I left off with papa, only I always had French ones with *him*; but it will be all the same. I did not get very far through, because after he came home to New York he was so sick,—and then he died,—and then I got hurt, and——oh, I don't like to think about it all!"

"And you don't need any help?" asked Arthur. "I shall be going by every day, and could stop a few moments at any time, almost. Good-by now, for to-day!" and he sprang away.

Hours passed again, and the shadows fell upon the curb-stone. Paul still held his precious books; but, unused to any exertion, his head and limbs ached wearily, and, leaning back in his chair, he turned his eyes to the street again. At last a slight figure came in sight, walking swiftly. His face flushed into a smile, and he waved a signal from the window. In another moment a key was put into the

lock, the door opened, and a young girl came in. It was easy to see who she was by her likeness to Paul. Paul stretched out his hands to her, each holding one of the books.

“Oh, see, Marguerite!—only see! Come here,—come here!” and he poured out the story of the morning.

“You see he did come again;—he did, for one. Do you think any thing more will come? It doesn’t matter much now, though, for this will last a long time. You are glad, I know. I see how glad you are in your eyes. I am tired, though. I’ve had a splendid time; but I’m so tired!”

“Come, then,” said Marguerite, drawing up a large arm-chair; “I will rest thee. Come, dear head,—come, sweet heart,—come, poor, poor little feet!” and, lifting him tenderly, she took him in her arms, and rocked softly to and fro.

“So thou hast had a surprise to-day,—a joy came in. Did I not tell thee such would come some day?”

“Oh, Marguerite! do you think this is the beginning?”

She answered with a bright smile, and nodded her head.

“I thought so,” he said: “at least I wondered;” and, laying his head on her shoulder, he went over again the tale of the eventful day, and how short it had seemed, while he forgot every thing but the books.

It was a picture that should not have been lost, as Marguerite bent over the invalid boy with a look of unutterable love, her face beaming with the joy of seeing him happy, while he himself rested upon her in the repose of perfect love and contentment.

“Well, has the weariness gone?” she asked, as, Paul’s story being at last exhausted, he fell into a silence. “It is time to get some supper for us both, I think.”

“Yes; I am hungry. I have not wanted my supper so much in a long time.”

She looked at him wistfully as she put him back in his chair. She was wondering as well

as he whether the pleasure of the day was an omen of better things. At any rate, it was a pleasure that would last, and it was a great joy to see him happy for even a little while. How she longed to turn away all his sadness, and surround him with joy, no earthly being could know. When they were first left alone, Marguerite at once set about devising some way by which she could earn a support for them both. Misfortune and sickness had pressed so heavily for some time before their father's death, that not even a wreck of their former comfort and ease remained after he was taken away. The first necessary step was to remove to the simplest lodging, and then one plan after another came up; but without friends or money, nothing is easy in a great city. At last she was on the point of accepting an engagement as governess,—although she would then be able to see Paul only at intervals,—when his accident occurred, and there was no room to think of any thing but devotion to him. For the first few months she never left him, except to bring

home his medicine, and the sewing which gave them their daily bread.

Day after day and week after week she sat by him, working like a bee, and singing some gay little song, or telling some story learned in their sunny home abroad ; but, at last, as Paul grew better, and as the pittance which her needle brought was proving altogether insufficient for their wants, she found employment as copyist in an office, and since then Paul's lonely days had begun.

Long days they seemed to both brother and sister ; longer even, to Marguerite, in all the press of her occupation, for never for a moment could she forget the pale face she should be sure to see looking out for her return. But evening never fails to come at last ; and the few hours they spent together almost repaid them for their separation, so full of keen enjoyment were they ; while although the better days to come were not often spoken of, they never ceased to be a cherished hope in the hearts of both.

CHAPTER IV.



ARTHUR never failed to take the crooked street as his straightest way to school after the day when he made Paul the happiest of scholars. Sometimes he did not stop for any thing more than a passing salutation and a word of inquiry as to his progress; but oftener he found time to sit down upon the window-sill for a little chat. Day by day, as Paul's shyness wore off, they became greater friends, and Arthur grew more and more enthusiastic in his admiration. Paul's advance in his studies seemed to Arthur wonderful, although to Paul it was only a daily indulgence and delight; and, as the only return in his power, he entertained his friend with stories of his life, which Arthur thought as romantic and exciting as a novel. All the ways and doings of the people where he was

born; the manner of life among them; the monkey he had for a pet; the donkey he used to ride when he went with his father and sister on excursions into the country; the clattering of the wooden shoes about the city streets; the voyage to New York, with its many incidents; —all these afforded unfailing materials for conversation; while if Paul wished to bring any thing before Arthur with peculiar distinctness, the pencil was produced, and in a moment so vivid a sketch was made that Arthur was often forced to hold his sides with laughter.

“Papa,” said Arthur, one day, quite abruptly, “I have made up my mind again.”

“That is a startling announcement, replied his father, laughing; “am I to suppose this to be the end of your statement?”

“Now, papa, you are almost provoking! You told me that whenever I had made up my mind about any thing I would like to do for Paul, I had only to tell you, and you would help me if I needed it. I am sure you have not forgotten.”

Mr. Gray had not forgotten: he was not a man to forget his promises; and Arthur had brought home such frequent and glowing reports from the little window that his interest had really been aroused.

But although he had wanted anxiously to see how practical a thing Arthur's friendship would prove, he had refrained from questioning him, or making any suggestions of his own, preferring to let him follow the promptings of his own thoughts and impulses.

"I remember, my son," said he. "So you have come to a point where you do not feel quite equal to the circumstances. Sometimes we find our ability greater than we think, when we really come to try it."

"Well, papa, it really does not seem as if I could do this alone; and, at any rate, I want your advice. You know the doctor that went to see Paul a little while before I knew him said he could never be any better: and perhaps he was right; but it seems hard to give up all hope, when Paul is so young; and I have

been thinking that perhaps if some one else were to see him,—some surgeon who has a great many such cases,—he might possibly think of something to be done. Do you believe there is any chance?”

His father did not make any reply for a few moments, but walked up and down the room in silence. The truth was, he was thinking whether in his anxiety to have Arthur gain the full advantage of this opportunity to do good he had not left too much upon him,—whether he himself ought not to have thought of this very thing, and attended to it sooner.

“What physician has your little friend consulted?” he asked at length.

“Dr. Varnum was the last one. They could not afford it for a good while; but at last Marguerite had saved money enough, and sent for him. She wanted to know exactly the truth, and she thought he was sure to know. Do you think he did, papa?”

“He stands very high, certainly,” said Mr.

Gray ; "but he does not make surgery a special pursuit. I think you are right in wishing to send for a surgeon."

"That's good," said Arthur. "Now the next question is,—Who?"

"There are two or three in the city whose reputation is about equal ; but one may give his attention more particularly to such cases than another. I will make inquiry, and be sure that the very best thing is done this time."

"Oh, thank you, papa ! And then what shall we do next?"

"Next I should suppose you would go to the doctor's office and request him to call upon your invalid."

"I, papa ! oh, how could I?" exclaimed Arthur, in dismay. "Could not you attend to that ? I am sure I could never get up the courage !"

"I do not see the necessity for extraordinary courage," said his father. "Surgeons are not, as a general thing, given to cutting off

heads or hands without being requested to do so."

"Don't, papa,—don't make sport of me. I never did such a thing in my life, and I should not know what to say. And, besides, those doctors see so many people, and are always in a hurry. But perhaps I should only have to leave an order. I should not mind doing that."

"You could do that, certainly; but I think the case would be much more likely to receive attention if you were to tell the doctor something of the circumstances, and say that I will meet all charges for whatever attendance may be required. I do not think you will find it at all difficult; 'those doctors', as you call them, often cultivate all the graces of politeness as a part of their profession. Not always, though: sometimes they despatch every one as the merest matter of business and in the shortest manner possible."

"Oh, dear! I am sure he would 'despatch' me in a moment. Are you quite sure it

would not be better for you to attend to it?" asked Arthur, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I should like very much to have you go yourself," said his father, smiling. "It seems a little hard, it is true, to you, when it would be so easy to me; but you know why I prefer *you* to do it; and, besides, I should be sorry to rob you of the pleasure of remembering it some bright day, when you see Paul on his feet again."

"Oh, papa! if that day should come, I should be paid indeed a thousand times; but I am afraid it is a long way off."

But under the spur of the mere thought that such a result might possibly ensue, Arthur set out bravely on his errand of hope, having learned from his father the doctor's address and office-hours. It was quite a walk, but Arthur found himself by no means regretful of the distance, his feeling of dread returning rapidly as he neared the end. He roused himself, however,—for should his cowardice stand in the way of Paul's cure?—quite in-

dignantly, as he found it getting hold of him, and walked on with a brisker step.

“What a goosie I am !” he exclaimed ; “it is not one boy in a thousand who has such a chance, and I am making it a bugbear ;” and he was up the steps and rang the bell without time for another thought. The door was opened instantly and noiselessly by a footman, who, without a word, bowed Arthur into an ante-room opening out of the hall, and then, gliding away, returned to his station by the front door.

“I wonder if the doctor is not in,” thought Arthur, after a few moments, the state of things beginning to seem uninteresting. “He must be, though, for this is his home ; but he certainly is not here, and that speechless being has not even gone to tell him that any one wishes to see him.”

The sound of voices from above crept down over the stairs, mingled now and then with a hearty laugh.

“Some one is having a good time,” he

thought. "It can't be a patient; I wish he would 'attend to business in business-hours;'" and he gave himself up to examining the pictures upon the walls and the various ornaments of the room. He had almost forgotten where he was, when he heard a door open, and a strong, cheery voice saying, "Good-morning! sir, I think I understand your case perfectly, and we shall be able to set every thing right. Good-morning!"

A gentleman came down the stairs, the noiseless footman opened and closed the door, and then, coming to the ante-room, said to Arthur, "Will you walk up-stairs now, sir, if you please?"

Following him, Arthur was ushered into a large and pleasant room, and looked at once for the grim man of science, who was supposed to 'despatch every case in the shortest manner possible.' No such vision met his eye; on the contrary, he saw "the doctor" rising to receive him with as cordial a welcome in his manner and as pleasant a smile as if they had

been old acquaintances. How it was Arthur could not have told, but he felt at once that the room was full of sunshine, and that it was kept on hand for dispensation among all who needed its happy influence. One look at the doctor's tall, robust frame and symmetrical figure seemed to give assurance that he never had been, or could be, sick, but was always ready for service, while another at his kindly face and friendly smile told as plainly that he was used to sympathize with those who were so; and there was altogether an atmosphere of strength and good cheer that made Arthur feel as though Paul were well on the way to recovery already.

"Good-morning! sir," said he, as Arthur approached. "Will you have the kindness to be seated, and tell me what I can do for you this morning? You do not look as though you could be in very serious trouble yourself."

"No, sir," said Arthur, taking the offered chair, and feeling that his "serious trouble" had

vanished like the morning dew. "I do not wish to consult you for myself, but to ask you to go and see a friend; and papa thought it was best I should tell you about it first." He then gave the doctor the story of Paul's accident, and some of his circumstances, with as little embarrassment and almost as much enthusiasm as when he first told it to his father, encouraged as he went on by the close attention and interested look of his listener.

"Yes, yes!" said the doctor, immediately, as Arthur concluded, passing his hand over his forehead and rising to pace the room. "Yes; I see. 'Run over in the street,' you say; 'don't know the precise kind of a vehicle;' 'a little more than a year ago, and does not walk yet.' You cannot tell me, I suppose, the present condition of the limbs. Well, well, we must see what can be done at once. It is a great pity to have let it go on so long. Lads of your age should be out in the pure air, enjoying life, without thought of such things as pain or trouble. We can't promise,

you know, how much can be done, but," with a smile that Arthur thought full of encouragement, "the darkest cases brighten up wonderfully sometimes when one tries."

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, smiling back again and rising to go; "and I should like very much to know what you think after you see him. May I come and ask?"

"Certainly, certainly!" replied the doctor; "or suppose we make a little arrangement to meet at your friend's room. When would you find it convenient to come? The sister is only at home early and late, you say; suppose I come this evening at five: that will be as late as I can well make the appointment."

Arthur was delighted. This was the very thing of all others he had wished, but he had not quite ventured to ask it.

"I should like that very much, sir," he said, with a glowing face; and there is one thing more. Papa wished me to say that he will attend to the charges for whatever you may think it best to do; here is his address."

“Oh! I don’t think there will be any charges in such a case as this. We doctors must have our pleasures once in a while as well as the rest of the world. But I would like your father’s address and your own name, my boy, for I trust we shall be friends.”

“My name is Arthur Gray,” said he; “and I will tell you one thing more about myself,” he added, laughing. “I thought this morning it must be a terrible thing to come alone and ask a famous doctor to visit a poor friend; but I will never think so again.”

“Don’t,” said the doctor, giving Arthur a hearty shake of the hand, and smiling the room full of sunshine again: “you couldn’t make a greater mistake. This afternoon at five, remember.”

“Yes, sir,” said Arthur, and ran downstairs with so light and quick a step that the footman scarcely had time to open the door before he reached it, the failure to do which he would have considered a deep disgrace.

The next thing was to go and tell Paul.

Would he be pleased? Perhaps he ought to have asked his and Marguerite's consent; he had not thought of that in all the trouble of getting his own. However, he was sure they would be glad. So he hurried on and reached the crooked street in a marvellously short time. Never before had he approached Paul's little window without either meeting the black eyes, as they kept their look-out, or finding them fixed intently upon one of the precious books; where were they this morning? What could have happened that Paul's head was turned quite away from the street, and lay listlessly back upon his chair, while not a book was open, and he did not stir at the sound of Arthur's step?

"Halloo! old fellow; asleep there at this time in the morning? Wake up and say 'How do you do?' I have something to tell you."

Paul started at the ringing words and turned his face; but there were heavy dark lines under his eyes, and the smile with which he greeted

his friend was forced, and could not hide the sadness that lay underneath.

“Why, Paulo, old precious! what can be the trouble? Something evil has come across your path, I’m afraid. What’s the matter with your eyes?” and, springing in, he stooped down before Paul’s chair and looked earnestly into his face.

“Nothing—nothing has happened,” replied Paul, trying to smile again. “What made you think——oh! don’t speak of me, please!” Dropping his head upon Arthur’s shoulder, he broke into uncontrollable sobs.

“That’s right, old fellow,” said Arthur, “cry your trouble all away, and when it’s gone, tell me what it was, and we’ll try to keep it off for the future;” and he held Paul tenderly, without another word of inquiry, until the violence of his grief had passed, and only the long, quick drawing of his breath showed what a storm had passed over him.

“There, now,” said Arthur, “that makes every thing nearer right, doesn’t it? Now tell

me all the woes, and see if I have not some wonderful spell to drive them away."

"Oh! you can't, Arthur: nobody can but the Lord; but Marguerite says he is very pitiful, and perhaps he will think it best before long. I don't know how it happened, but this morning it came over me so strangely that I was not getting any better, and that it did not seem as if I ever should, and then how I was keeping dear Marguerite so hard at work, and doing what she does not like, while she could do almost any thing if it was not for me. And all at once I felt such a longing to get out into the fresh air; and then, when I knew I could not, such a longing to die and not be a burden any longer; and I cried, and then Marguerite cried, and that frightened me, for I never saw her cry before. And she said——oh! I cannot tell you all, but she said I was the one comfort of her life, and that her one sorrow was to see me in trouble; and then she told me that she had the offer of more writing than she could do in the day, and that she

would bring it down and work in the evening for a while, until she could lay by money enough to send for the very best surgeon in the city, and we would try once more if something could not be done. But I was ashamed of having cried, and I thought I had got above it again, when the very first words you spoke broke me right down; I am afraid you will never forget it." And he looked up at Arthur with a smile.

"Look here," said Arthur, whose face had been growing more and more radiant during the latter part of Paul's speech, "what should you say if the best surgeon in the city were to appear here this very afternoon, and if I had come on purpose to tell you so?"

Paul looked at him, unable to comprehend.

"I'm not joking," went on Arthur: "it is really so; only I came down to ask you if you were willing. Perhaps you will think it rather late."

"Arthur, I don't understand what you mean; that would be too good to be true."

“But it is true,—as true as it is good, and I hope as good as it is true.”

“But, oh, the money! Marguerite will not have the money ready. No, Arthur! it would be very good, but he cannot come. We shall have to wait.”

“Now don’t borrow trouble,” said Arthur; “the doctor said he did not think there would be any charge; and I know by the way he spoke that he meant there would not be: he said he wanted to come for his own pleasure, and that doctors liked pleasure as well as any one. So please tell Marguerite the moment she comes home, for he said he would be here at five, and that I might come too. And I tell you what, old Paulo, if you don’t feel half cured when you have only seen him, I am more mistaken than I think.”

Arthur stopped to take breath, and Paul leaned back in his chair, and said, softly, “The Lord is pitiful!”

“Did you speak?” asked Arthur.

“Oh! that is what Marguerite is always

saying: 'The Lord is pitiful!' and I know it is true. But I am sure you have brought this about, dear, good Arthur, although I cannot tell how; and if it should come to pass through this new doctor that I am ever more than a good-for-nothing trouble to every one, it will be all your doing."

CHAPTER V.



ARTHUR was punctual, as he felt sure, to his appointment; but the doctor was there before him. Arthur thought some magic spell had fallen upon the room, there was such an atmosphere of cheerfulness and of every thing going right; and Marguerite certainly had never seemed so beautiful, as she and the doctor and Paul sat chatting together, almost merrily. Her hair had fallen into many wavy lines since she bound it up in the morning, and there was a slight flush upon her cheek, such as he had never seen before.

“And she is receiving him so elegantly,” he thought. “I know very well she is used to such things.”

But there was only time for all these thoughts to flash through his mind, as he

passed the window, and, opening the door, entered the room.

“Ah! here you are,” said the doctor; “but not in time to present me, and I have had to introduce myself, and explain my coming as I best might. This young gentleman tells me he was born in Marseilles, and we have been running over some very pleasant reminiscences together. He will not have as kind thoughts of New York, I fear, since he has had so many dull and sick days here. Suppose,”—turning to Paul,—“suppose you tell me all about it. It must be a bad case indeed if we cannot do something to improve matters very much.”

Paul began the recital of his accident, and the sickness which followed it; and as he went on, aided by Marguerite, the doctor became at once absorbed in listening. When it was finished, he rose quickly and began pacing the room, as Arthur had seen him do at home; and then, returning to his seat, he began a series of questions, following carefully the out-

line of the account given him, and pressing closely at every point.

During all this, and the tender but thorough examination of the poor lame feet which followed, Arthur and Marguerite watched the doctor's face almost breathlessly; but they could not read his thoughts. There was the same expression of kindness and good cheer, only more intent, until at last he gladdened them by that smile with which he first greeted Arthur; and, looking straight into Paul's face, he said,—

“Well, my young friend, how long will you give me to set you on your feet again? Six months, in consideration of all the circumstances?”

Paul looked at Marguerite a moment, without a word. “Six months! To be well at the end of six months!” He reached out a hand towards his sister; she came close to him, saying, softly,—

“The Lord is very pitiful!”

“Le bon Dieu,” replied Paul, and he laid

his head on her shoulder ; the joy was almost too much to be borne.

Then, remembering the doctor, he started up, and put a thin little hand into his.

“Oh ! thank you so very much !—I do not know how to thank you ! And are you quite sure ? No matter, though, about that, I thank you just as much ; you are so very kind. Six months ! That seems only a day !”

“That’s right, my little man,” said the doctor ; “that is a brave way of looking at it. But the day may seem a trifle long after all. There will be some trouble and some pain.”

At the word “pain,” Marguerite’s face clouded. “You do not mean, doctor,” she exclaimed, “that an operation will be necessary ?”

“Yes,” he replied ; “I think an operation will be necessary ; but, with chloroform, that need be very little dreaded : it is the recovery that will be somewhat trying. And I should very much prefer his going to the hospital. There are many advantages there which would assist greatly, and we shall want all the helps

we can get. And as it comes in the round of my visits twice a week, I could watch him carefully."

Marguerite had turned pale as ashes.

"It cannot be," she said, in a low, firm tone.

"We cannot be separated."

The doctor was prepared for this from what Arthur had told him, and he had his own plan for removing the difficulty.

"No," said he: "that would hardly do; but the hospital is not such a terrible place after all. Would you be willing to make a sacrifice? Would you go too?"

Her face answered, and he went on.

"Your brother would be, of course, in the male ward, where you would not be allowed to remain; but I think an arrangement can be made by which you could be near him, and see him every day, if you consent."

"Only tell me what I can do," said Marguerite, eagerly.

"Would you enter one of the female wards as nurse? It is a proposition that could not

be made under other circumstances; but if our invalid's recovery hangs upon it, its aspect changes at once."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marguerite, "I would think it only joy! How ungrateful I must seem to you, that you call it a sacrifice."

"Very well," said the doctor, rising, "then all difficulty is settled. I will make the necessary arrangements, and send my carriage for our little man. I want to be sure he goes without any harm. Shall we say day after to-morrow? And do not let him have any dread of it. We will give him time to feel quite at home there before we call him a patient."

"Oh, Paulo!" exclaimed Arthur, as the door closed behind the doctor; "did I not tell you how it would be? Did I not say you would feel half cured when you had only seen him!"

Paul answered with a radiant smile.


"How strange it is," he said. "I have not had such a bright, warm feeling in my heart since, oh! so long ago, as I had before he said

a word about my getting well. But oh, Marguerite, to think what he said! It must be that the change is coming; it must have been 'the beginning' when you thought so."

Marguerite answered not a word, but drew up the large chair, and, taking him in her arms, began to sing a soft old hymn that they had known long ago.

Then Arthur said he must go; and Paul discovered that he was very tired, and so this happy day came to an end; but, in dreams that night, Arthur saw bonfires of crutches blazing up to the very clouds, while he and Paul and Marguerite and the doctor joined hands and danced around them; and in Paul's sleep, he was walking through green fields in a summer morning; but the stars were shining, and they ranged themselves into sparkling letters, and spelled all about the sky, up and down, in and out, "The Lord is pitiful!" and "a change will come!"

CHAPTER VI.



DOWN the busy, rattling street, in the very heart of the great city, stands the hospital, but so far back from the line of the hurrying passers that the rush and roar, the ceaseless din, grow fainter and fainter as they are carried towards it, and at last are scarcely heard as they creep in at the great old windows. The patients, as they look out, see a deep, grassy yard, fresh and green through all the hot summer, (who can estimate the value of such a prospect!) and if there is a breeze anywhere to be caught, it is almost sure to stray in just there.

Up this long yard Paul was taken most carefully by the doctor's own man; then past the reception-room, through the wide halls, high and massively finished, and up-stairs into his own ward, where his own little bed was

ready. He had kept up a brave heart since it had been decided that he was to come; but at the last it had grown a little faint, with the thought of meeting so many strange faces, and the far more terrible one of the operating-room, with its unknown horrors. But after the first glance no one seemed to notice him; and when Marguerite was gone, he began to entertain himself with examining the room and its arrangements. It was an immense apartment, the whole width of the building, the chimney running up directly through the centre; the ceiling was very high, and the fresh, pure air circulated freely.

There were long rows of narrow iron beds, painted green, each one furnished with abundance of soft mattresses and a snowy spread. They were all surgery patients in Paul's ward, and although a few seemed to be suffering, the most were cheerful and tranquil, and some were decidedly convalescent. The nurses and attendants moved about so quietly that they really did not seem to be doing any

thing, and every thing looked so cheerily that all feeling of gloom was effectually driven away.

“After all,” thought Paul, “the doctor was right; it is not such a dreadful thing to be in the hospital. But there is something dreadful coming. Oh! how shall I ever get through? How will Marguerite ever bear it? The doctor said I need not fear it, and he must know best; but if it was only over!” Before the day was past, Paul was chatting quite freely with his next neighbour, and every thing began to seem a little home-like; still he could not quite forget the fearful *something* before him. The dim feeling of it hung over him constantly; but he was determined to keep up his courage and think of the bright days in the future, which, with the blessing of the Lord, were to be his recompense.

The morning hours of the next day dragged a little, but at last the doctor came. Paul started at the first sound of his voice; there he was, at the other end of the room, seeming

a tower of strength as he stood among the sick men, and Paul noticed at once how they all looked up with brightened faces or raised themselves in their cots as they found he had come in. He passed from bed to bed, followed by a large number of medical students, examining every case, and explaining to the students the condition and treatment of all those which were unusual and peculiar.

It seemed to Paul that his time would never come; every one else was visited before the doctor came to him, although he had sent a smile of recognition across to his bed when he first entered the room. But he came at last, and shook hands as cordially as if they had been old friends, while he looked carefully into Paul's face.

"Good-morning! my little man. You are looking pretty well, I think, in spite of such a dismal thing as coming to the hospital. And what do you think of it, after all? Are you going to keep yourself in the best of spirits?"

"Oh, yes, I think it very pleasant here. I

did not think it would be at all. If it were only over, I would not mind the rest."

"If what was over?" asked the doctor.

"What you said you would have to do," said Paul, the colour leaving his face, in spite of the brave tone of his voice.

"Well," said the doctor, "that is a very little thing, after all. Suppose we attend to it this morning? and then you will have nothing to do but to get well."

To perform the operation that morning was precisely what the doctor had intended, and the reason of his delaying his visit to Paul until the last; but he was equally determined that Paul should meet it with as little dread as possible; and observing how pale he grew, he went on in the most cheerful tones, "Don't you think that would be the best way? You know what is well begun is half done! and I expect to pride myself upon the early day when we can set you on your feet."

Paul smiled faintly, but did not answer. That day began to seem far away and very

doubtful, and only the operating room near and sure.

“Perhaps,” continued the doctor, “you will feel easier about the matter if I explain to you what I hope to do. There are some little parts in the ankles that were so much crushed and injured as to have become lifeless and unable to do their duty. Now, I wish to put you into a pleasant sleep, and in a few moments, which will not seem to you an instant, I can remove these, and then I shall trust that nature, with her own wonderful arrangements, will replace them by new and healthy ones. It will be a little tiresome waiting for this, and there will be some days of more or less pain, but they will soon be past, and I shall look for the pleasure of inviting you to take a walk with me. What do you say? Shall I begin our work to-day?”

“I will go with you now,” said Paul, “but you must promise me one thing, doctor: you must indeed.”

“And what is that?”

“Do not tell Marguerite. She must not know until it is all over.”

“I am afraid she will not think that quite right,” said the doctor.

“She must not know,” repeated Paul, with great earnestness, rising up and fixing his eyes upon the doctor. “She cannot help me, and she should not see such things. I will go alone with you; I shall not be afraid, but she must not be told.”

The doctor hesitated a moment, and then made a sign to the attendant to take Paul. He lifted him carefully and carried him out, the doctor and the students following. One look, as they entered the room, was enough for Paul, and he shut his eyes resolutely; but even then the thought of the doctor kept him strong and calm. Every thing would be right: of that he was perfectly sure. Presently he heard his voice, saying, “Here, my boy, just breathe this,” and in another moment a strange new sensation began to take possession of him,—not like sleep, but as if some wonderful self

that he had never felt before, rose up within him, trembling, quivering, then thrilling, thrilling, thrilling, growing larger and larger, lifting him up with it, making him larger and larger, and yet leaving him to feel like a speck in the midst of all the immense whirling world. Then he began to forget whether he was large or small,—whether he was the speck or the world; every thing disappeared, and he was unconscious.

When he opened his eyes again, he did not know that a most rare and difficult operation had been performed; that the students had looked on almost breathlessly to see the knife of the surgeon pass with such unerring skill among the nerves and fibres and muscles laid bare to its touch, and to hear his assurance that nature would restore every thing, giving new and perfect parts in the place of the useless ones taken away. Paul only knew that he found himself in his own white bed, and saw Marguerite standing at his side. He looked at her dreamingly for a moment; then, as he

remembered the truth, he stretched out his hands to her with "Oh, Marguerite! I am so glad it was not you!"

Then he closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

But the next day what pain! His own doctor did not come, but the physician of the hospital watched Paul carefully, and gave him medicine to relieve the suffering and induce sleep. For several days it was the same, so that when they were past, they only seemed to him like a troubled dream, with recollections of pain, and Marguerite, and sleep, and the doctor's visits, and restlessness, all mixed confusedly together. But the pain ceased at last, and then came such a delightful feeling of rest! Marguerite was sure to come once every day, if not oftener, and the doctor regularly twice a week. How Paul counted the days between the visits! And how light-hearted and gay he was sure to find himself afterward! More than once the doctor brought a bouquet of the choicest flowers, and had them

mounted in some mysterious way at the foot of Paul's bed, where he could see them without even turning his head. And Paul was not the only one who enjoyed the treat. All up and down the ward he saw eager eyes turned towards them, and sometimes feasting upon their beauty,—sometimes soothed almost into sleep, opening drowsily now and then for one more look.

“Sure, it's wonderful,” said a neighbour of Paul's, a great brawny fellow, who had suffered the amputation of a leg: “it's wonderful, looking at things like them. If a man could have them always forenint him, he'd be aisy reconciled to lying here like a sthick, or hop-pin unaven through life foriver, like meself.”

At last the days of suffering, the anxious days, and all that was most trying, were safely passed, and the long term of convalescence really began. The slow passing of time and the monotony of the sick-ward were now the only real drafts upon the endurance of Paul and Marguerite. But the light of hope, almost

of certainty, kept every thing bright, and left no room for impatience or weariness. To Marguerite, it is true, the recollection that her work at the office had been given to some one else, and that she must find some new way of providing for Paul, pressed sometimes a little heavily; but the words of trust with which she so often comforted him were written too deeply in her own heart for trouble to remain there long.

As for Paul, his daily returning strength throbbed so joyously through his veins, that no thought or care disturbed him, and patients and attendants learned to look to his corner whenever they felt their spirits a little down. His gayety and lively songs had unfailing power to "drive dull care away," and make even pain give place to merriment. The old craving for study came back, but, to his great sorrow, the doctor forbade more than an hour a day with books. Pencils, however, were allowed, and the wonder of his companions hardly kept pace with his busy fingers as they

threw off sketch after sketch,—fancy pieces, heads, compositions,—all with great rapidity and most vivid strokes. Not a scrap that his pencil had touched was suffered to be lost. They were begged for and promised almost before they were begun. Paul laughed at the idea of treasuring them; but there was scarcely a bed that had not a little bundle under the pillow, or a favourite one fastened upon the wall as a pleasant rest for tired eyes. Sometimes an attendant secured one that had been particularly admired, and even the young resident physician, who had Paul's ward in charge,—although it must be confessed that he was rather more at home in science than in art,—would sometimes stop and watch the quick light touches under which his pictures grew.

Arthur used to laugh on those happy days when he was allowed to visit Paul, and saw the ward was becoming a regular art-gallery, but declared there was nothing among all the new productions to equal the picture of him-

self, at which he had been so much astonished long ago.

“It is too bad, Paulo,” he would say, laughing, “that you burned that up. I don’t really see, for my part, what right you had to it. I should insist upon sitting for a new one, but I know you would never succeed as well again. Such a thing as that once lost is lost forever.”

But one day he overheard the physician saying to one of the attendants, in a tone of very superior wisdom, “Yes, the boy has a remarkable talent. The Academy of Design would be the place for him. He might make his mark in the world, and his fortune too.”

“But very like, sir,” ventured the attendant,—who was extremely fond of Paul, and would have been rejoiced to see any good befall him,—“it might be, sir, he does not know any thing of that; perhaps he would need some one to put him in the way of it.”

“Quite possible,” returned the young doctor. “Don’t forget those drops for the patient brought in last night.”

Arthur treasured up every syllable of this, but, though often turning it over in his own mind, said not a word about it at home, feeling that the time had not yet come to follow the bright track of promise they seemed to open.

CHAPTER VII.



DOCTOR and Mrs. Varnum were at dinner, very much as on the day when they were first introduced. The dinner was as faultless, the black butler as devoted, and Mrs. Varnum as graceful and in the same charming spirits, as before. She was chatting gayly with a gentleman in uniform; but the doctor looked tired, and seemed inclined to leave the conversation for the most part in their hands: an arrangement which seemed equally agreeable to them.

“What can be the matter with our host?” asked Mrs. Varnum at length, with a captivating smile. “His thoughts seem to be wandering somewhere far away: quite too abstracted to be flattering.”

“Perhaps he is a little so,” said the gentleman. “Have you been among such delightful

scenes to-day that you cannot quite return from them, doctor?"

"No, hardly," replied the doctor, rousing himself; "some of them, on the contrary, I was only too happy to leave. By the way,"—addressing Mrs. Varnum,—“I have just begun another term of visiting at the hospital, and who do you think I stumbled upon there this morning but that very invalid boy of whom I told you some weeks since! It was odd enough.”

“Now, my dear General,” said Mrs. Varnum, “did you ever see a man who dreams almost any thing, and then convinces himself that it really happened? For I can assure you this is quite an ordinary feat of the doctor’s, and he is giving you a specimen of it to-day. He never tells me any thing about his patients. I don’t consider them a cheerful subject; and as for the invalid boy, this is certainly the first time I have ever heard of him.”

“My dear,” remonstrated the doctor, “I

made an exception to my general rule in telling you of him, because you told me you would take great pleasure in relieving such cases. He was a cripple, and living almost alone."

"Not the remotest idea," said Mrs. Varnum, shaking her head. "I never forget if I hear of a case like that; it is such a pleasure to do any thing for those people, and a duty too, I think. Don't you, General?"

"Well," pursued the doctor, "I will give you another chance. The boy is really a remarkable little fellow, and on the way to recovery now, I trust. He seems to have an unusual talent for drawing,—quite rare, I should think, although I do not know much of such matters,—but he has not the means to cultivate it. Now, as you are a connoisseur in those things, you could easily judge of his talent, and, if it is what it seems to me, introduce him to some of your artist friends,—there is a host of them always at your receptions,—and get them to take him under their patronage."

"How charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Varnum.

“I must forgive your abstraction if you were busy conjuring up so delightful a plan. I will speak to Eccles about him this very evening. He will be here to show me some new sketches; I should not be surprised if he were to take him up at once, and I may have to congratulate myself upon his success. You see, General, there is some compensation in being a doctor’s wife—such happy opportunities;—let me send you another cup of coffee.”

“Quite odd” Paul thought it too when he recognized Dr. Varnum in his ward, and he was a little embarrassed when he remembered how he and Marguerite had assured him the hospital could not be thought of; but the doctor was very kind, and asked no questions, only remarking that he saw Paul had changed his mind, and that he was very glad. He stopped and chatted a few minutes every time he came through, and Paul always enjoyed it very much; but it was nothing like the visits of his “own doctor!” How he watched for *him* when his days came around! and the mo-

ment he saw him enter, followed by the train of students, his heart began to beat joyfully, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed the brown hair from his forehead, as he always used to do in days gone by when any thing made him very happy.

The doctor began his round quite at the other end of the ward; but Paul was glad of this, as he had the longer time to watch him and listen to his voice. And he managed always to meet Paul's eye long before he came to him, and send a nod and smile of pleasant greeting. And when he did come! Paul's corner was the very last to be visited, and the doctor used to sit down beside his invalid's chair, after the students had passed out (for he had been promoted from his cot for some time); and how gayly the few minutes passed! The doctor had always something pleasant to tell of what was going on outside; and he had sometimes seen Marguerite, and was sure to say that Paul was doing remarkably well, occasionally in so many words, sometimes only

in the tone of his "Well, my little man, how goes every thing to-day?"

But one morning, as Paul sat wrapped in his dressing-gown, the doctor came to his corner, but did not take a seat. He looked at Paul's face, and felt his pulse; then he smiled a smile even more inspiring than usual, walked up and down a few paces, came back to Paul, stooped and looked straight into his eyes.

"What would you say to taking a walk with me this morning? Thornton, let us have those slippers; and see if Miss Echart is at liberty."

Larger and larger grew the eyes,—the colour left Paul's cheek, and then rushed up again.

"Oh! doctor, what did you say? Not slippers for me!—not for me!" and then, as the doctor nodded assurance that they were exactly for him and no one else, "Oh, let some one tell Marguerite!—quick!"

"I told her, my boy, before I told you, so

every thing is right there, and she will be with us in a moment to see how we get along. I shall assume her rights to-day, however, and make myself your companion."

Marguerite had come already; there was time only for one look between them before the doctor had Paul on his feet, one arm thrown around him, under his shoulders, and the other holding his right hand firmly.

"There, my man! now we are off! You have not forgotten the motion, I suppose."

"I really believe I have," said Paul, with an excited laugh. "First one foot and then the other,—isn't it?"

"Precisely," said the doctor; "for all the world as Nelly Blye used to do in the song. That's it! No such word as 'forget' with you, I see. Now we will aim for that window on the other side,—slowly at first, and don't be afraid to lean upon me. There!" as they reached it after about a dozen careful steps, "who does better than that the first time, I'd like to know?"

A cheer went up from the double row of cots, every one was so glad; and the return was made with more confidence and with a quickened pace.

“Oh! doctor,” said Marguerite, as Paul was re-established in his chair, with sparkling eyes, and two round crimson spots burning in his cheeks, “don’t you see how excited he is?”

“Yes, yes,—I see; but it is a kind of excitement that does soul and body good. Now, sir, you may try that again to-morrow with your sister and Thornton, just as far as we went to-day, but not a step farther until I come again.”

The lessons in Paul’s lost art went on daily, and their length was daily increased, as they were found to bring new strength by the very exertion they demanded, until at the end of a fortnight he was moving quite independently from one end of the room to the other, shaking hands with those whom he already considered friends, and everywhere welcomed with a hearty grasp and kind words of congratulation. Arthur was triumphant, jubilant, every

thing; his delight could find vent only in pouring out the story of every day's advance at home, where he had always in his father and mother most interested listeners. But one day he came from a visit to the hospital with a clouded face.

"Mamma—papa!" he exclaimed, breaking upon the subject at once, "what shall we do now? It seems as if some new trouble must always be turning up! The doctor told me this morning that Paul would not be allowed to remain at the hospital more than a few days longer, and asked me if I knew what Marguerite's resources were. I told him of the writing she had done, and he said it was not at all probable that the place had been kept vacant for her, and he feared she would be obliged to find something else. He said he should feel himself responsible in the matter, as he had insisted upon their going to the hospital. I wish you had seen him when he was speaking. It was like the day he asked her if she would go with Paul as nurse. He

hardly looked at me, he is always so delicate in every way towards Marguerite. But, now, what can we do?"

"In the first place," said Mrs. Gray, "it does not seem to be necessary to look quite so forlorn; and in the second, do you know what she would like best?"

"Oh! I don't know. Paul told me once that she would have been a governess if she could have left him. The idea of her being tormented with little children, so beautiful and good as she is!"

"And do you not think *you* liked some one good and beautiful about you when you were a child, supposing you to be any thing more at present?"

"Yes, indeed; and I always had it, and have the same at this very time, dearest of mammas; but this is so different, you know."

"Then, as the next best thing, would you consider your saint brought too low by a class of private French lessons, provided we can first ascertain that her French is pure."

Arthur sprang from his seat and clapped his hands.

"I do believe that is the very thing the doctor was thinking of, for he said there ought to be no difficulty for one who spoke such beautiful French. How stupid I was! Mamma, you are 'a number one,' and you will arrange it all, won't you? It certainly can't fall to my lot this time!"

"No," said his father; "but let me tell you, Arthur, you have taken up what really did fall to your lot so bravely, and carried it out so successfully, that I am proud and happy in you to-day. Let me congratulate you, my boy;" and he grasped him warmly by the hand.

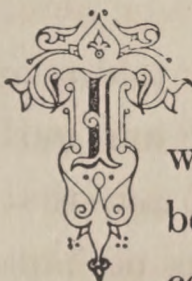
"Well, papa," said Arthur, with a flushed face, "it has certainly proved as you told me: nothing ever made me so happy in my life. But I should not have done any thing if you had not persuaded me that I could."

"Are you sure, Arthur," said Mrs. Gray, coming close to him and speaking in his ear,

“are you sure you have done all you could? Have you ever spoken to Paul of the Great Physician?”

“Indeed, mamma, he has been the teacher there! and if I only take his advice, I shall owe him much more than he is likely ever to owe me!” This was true enough. Paul and his sister had long known what it was to be the subjects of the converting grace of God: they had been taught of the Holy Spirit; and Christ was to them a Saviour indeed: a friend in their days of loneliness, a guide in their perplexity, “a very present help in trouble.”

CHAPTER VIII.



THE next evening Marguerite sat with Paul in the window near his bed. It was twilight, and no one could see their faces or hear their words as they talked softly together.

“Doesn’t it seem strange, Marguerite,” said Paul, after a pause in their conversation, “doesn’t it seem strange for me to be standing beside you? You will never hold me in the old chair any more, I suppose, I have grown so well and strong. But I should like to see it again, and our rooms too; do you not think I shall be well enough soon to go back to them?”

If the light had been clearer, he would have seen the colour rise to her face quickly, but her voice did not change its calm, gentle tone as she answered,—

“It is quite time now, dear Paul: indeed the doctor told me so to-day; but thou wilt not expect to find every thing just as we left it. I gave up the rooms when we came here. It was necessary.”

“Oh! I forgot: at least you never told me; but Marguerite, don’t you think I am well enough to write a little? If I could take that extra copying you were going to do, perhaps we could have even better rooms.”

“I do not suppose I shall go to the office any more. The work was pressing, and they could not wait for me.”

“Not go to the office any more! Where will you go?”

“I do not know, little brother. I must find something. To-morrow I will go and look for some rooms; thou art too well to be shut up here any longer, and we shall soon be settled at home again. Then I will see what can be done.”

“Oh, Marguerite! you gave it all up,—you gave up every thing to come here with me!”

“I gave up some things which were trifles, and gained my darling brother, well and strong, and able to walk by my side once more. So it is only joy.”

“Ah! but it will be so hard to look for work all alone in this great city! It was so very hard before.”

“But I do not go alone, little brother. One will go with us. Thou dost not forget that He who once died for us lives for us always; and He is very pitiful! Has He not already brought us out of our greatest sorrow? So rest now and do not be troubled: the way will be opened. I think the doctor wished to know if he could help me; but I could not let him. He has done too much already. Now let us sing once more; perhaps it will be the last time here. This place that we dreaded so much has grown dear at last. Has it not, Paul?”

It was an old hymn from the German, with which they had often cheered themselves in darker hours. Now every word seemed sparkling with joy and truth.

Cometh sunshine after rain,—
After mourning joy again,—
After heavy, bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief.
Who in God his trust hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
It may be to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And the gift we asked is ours.

Softly and low their voices blended, and filled the little recess where they were hidden; beyond it, the sound only crept out indistinctly; but through the length of the ward every voice was hushed and every ear strained to catch the notes as they floated down among the sick men. The words were in a strange language, but in the melody was something that every heart understood,—a whispering of repose—of rest most perfect. It passed slowly over the rows of cots, and fell softly down upon every one, with a strange but blessed spell.

Pain was banished away, weariness forgotten, restlessness soothed as by a charm. Away down upon the very farthest bed lay a poor ignorant soul and suffering body. The perpetual tossing upon this cot through the day had troubled those nearest it, and they begged the sick man to be quiet. They did not know—neither did he—that it was the restlessness of setting out upon his great journey; but strange thoughts had been in his heart all day, and the memory of the one time in many years when he had sat within a church. Then the preacher had said that in all hours of trouble, in all woes, and for the great salvation, men must come to Christ. “Ah! yes; but how? ah! yes; but how?” was all he could answer, as the words came, came, came, while he tossed and moaned, or tried in vain to do as he was asked, and “be quiet.” But all the while the song lasted he had not stirred; and when it was ended, the same whispered lull, the same deep rest that had fallen all around, had sunk into his heart. “So, so,” he said

softly to himself; "it must be so that one comes; I will come to Him so, for rest."

"Number twenty-seven has become quiet at last," said one of the patients to a neighbour an hour or two later.

"That is a good thing," replied the other. "But it is likely the trouble will come back again when he wakes."

No! for when he waked, it was in the land where there is no pain, and where they rest, while they "rest not!"

Marguerite and Paul said "Good-night!" and she was just turning to go, when a note was handed her by an attendant.

"Oh, do open it quick, Marguerite!" said Paul, "right here. Can't we have a light?"

She opened it and read,—

"MISS ECKART:

"Dear M'lle,—At the request of several ladies of my acquaintance, who are desirous of pursuing their study of French, I write to ask if you would consent to take charge of such a class upon your brother's leaving the hospital, which happy event I trust is not far off.

“Hoping you will favour me with an early reply,

“I am very truly yours,

“HELEN GRAY.”

Two weeks from that day Paul sat alone in their room in a pleasant boarding-house; and yet not quite “alone,” since the unfailing pencil was in his hand. He was busily engaged with it when he heard Marguerite’s step upon the stairs; he hardly knew her step these last few days, it was so quick and light, and brought her to the door with such a pink glow in her cheeks. He dropped his pencil and rose to meet her as she came in.

‘So thou art not yet tired of watching for thy sister,’ she said, as she laid some books upon the table.

“Never, Marguerite. Not even tired *with* watching, as I used to be, in those dark old days that seem blotted out in sunshine now. You have no idea how different I seem to myself; it seems as if I was almost a baby then, I was so weak, and always so tired; and now I feel

like a man, so strong and well, and so sure I shall be something, and do something for you at last." And he tossed back his hair, and stood up erect and proud before her."

"You must not smile, Marguerite: you shall see how it will be. I do not want quite to forget those days, though; for if I had not been sick, and sitting there so forlorn in the window, Arthur would never have looked in, and I should never have had him for a friend;—I never should have known the doctor, and we might have lived on half our lives without anybody in this great city caring for us, and you toiling so many hours every day in that miserable office. And now we are so happy and so rich,—and richest of all in kind friends. Is it not wonderful, Marguerite?"

She smiled again, and gazed down into his eyes a moment before she answered. The sadness and pain were all gone out of them, and a clear joy shone back from their depths as they looked earnestly up at her.

"It is not often, little brother," she said,

“that thou canst see just how the Lord has been teaching thee ; but when thou dost, thou art sure to see something beautiful.”

“And now, Marguerite, I have a wish. It is a great wish, and you will be taken by surprise when I mention it. To-day is Saturday, is it not?”

“Yes, Paul.”

“And to-morrow is Sunday?”

“Yes.”

“Then,” standing close before her with a glowing face, “I wish to go to church!—to walk to church with you, Marguerite!—to walk at your side, and see your beautiful face look as it used to do, and remember all our happiness, and all the sorrow that has been driven away,—to hear the organ and all the words of praise, and join in them! Oh, Marguerite! there are so many things to give thanks for, it will take a great many Sundays.”

She looked at him, anxiously.

“Yes, Paul, a great many: and it will be

sweet indeed ; but to walk to church to-morrow ! Art thou sure ? ”

“ Yes, yes ! it is only two blocks ; I can do it, I know. I am so strong, you remember,—so like a man.”

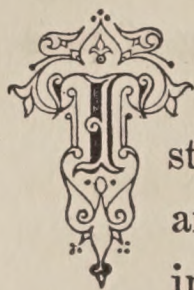
The next day the sexton of the —— Street Church showed two strangers to a seat. He measured them first with his eye, as to their probable standing in society. They were not richly dressed, but something about them deceived him, and made him think they were ; while Marguerite’s beauty and Paul’s eyes completed his subjection.

“ Strangers in the city,” he said to himself : “ but somebody worth noticing ; ” and he ushered them deferentially to one of the best seats.

The organ notes pealed and rolled through the church ; the voices of the choir, blended into one rich, triumphant harmony, floated over the audience ; words of praise and of thanksgiving were read from the desk and chanted from the distant choir ; but nowhere

rose up a purer, stronger or more joyous hymn, or a more acceptable thank-offering, than from the heart of the brother and sister whose faith had led them so serenely through sorrow and out into the clear shining of prosperity and joy.

CHAPTER IX.



HE months passed on, and even stretched into a year, and then into another, without any striking events in the life of either Paul or Arthur.

Marguerite went on with her lessons, in which her high qualifications and winning grace made her much sought after, and which became so remunerative as to put her perfectly at ease. Paul pursued his studies quietly at home, in spite of Arthur's entreaties that Marguerite would consider him strong enough to join him at his school, and his drawing advanced into quite a new stage of development and progress, under the direction of a young artist in the same house, who gladly gave Paul instructions for the sake of speaking French with him during lessons. Arthur's visits were frequent, though they were sometimes inter-

changed with the pleasure of receiving Paul at his own home, where he presented him with overflowing pride and delight. But he did not forget the few words he had overheard in the hospital between the physician and attendant about the Academy of Design, and he only waited until he felt sure it was the best time to speak of it to Paul.

At last one day he found him sitting over some drawings, upon which he had been engaged for some time, and which were just completed. They were copies from some designs of the best masters; and Arthur felt sure, as he admired them, that the hand of the pupil had become more skilful than that of his instructor.

“Look here, Paul,” he said, as he laid them down, “are you quite sure you have not learned pretty much all this kind gentleman is able to teach you?”

Paul glanced involuntarily at the door, to be sure it was closed.

“Yes, Arthur, I am afraid so. He has been

very kind, and was a great help to me for a long time ; but I begin to have a strange feeling of a great world out beyond, and I am afraid he can't quite take me there. I don't think, really, that he even feels it in his soul."

"Why, you are getting eloquent," said Arthur, laughing. "I am afraid to try to follow you ; but I have just one straightforward thing to say. Why not go to the Academy of Design?"

Paul looked at Arthur steadily for a moment, without a word, while he took in the new thought.

"*I go to the Academy of Design? Could I go there?*"

"To be sure," said Arthur, who had primed himself upon the subject; "why not? You have only to prepare a drawing which shall show the best you can do, and then go there and offer yourself as a pupil. They examine your work, and if it is satisfactory, you are admitted. Then you go every day, or as often as you like, and the professors are always there."

Paul was not slow in making use of this suggestion. He chose one of his new drawings and presented it for inspection.

The professor examined it, gave Paul a quick, searching look, and, assigning him a seat, entered his name upon the roll of students.

And now Paul began to feel that he was really entering upon the borders of that unknown world of which he had spoken to Arthur: not altogether in the instruction he received, but in the study of the works opened to him as a scholar of the Academy, and in the discussion of them which he daily heard. Not unfrequently fellows of the Academy sauntered through the room where Paul drew, conversing with the professors or overlooking the work of the scholars. Among these was one between whom and Paul there seemed an instantaneous and strange attraction. Paul's eye rested upon him for a moment—a mere glance—as he entered the room, and although he withdrew it instantly and fixed it upon his paper,

he was no longer absorbed with what lay before him, and thoughts like these flitted through his mind:—"I know he is an artist; what a face he has, and what a look in his eyes! as if he were walking among grand and beautiful things that others cannot see! I am sure he lives in that great world that I feel more and more hopeless of reaching. How I wish he would come nearer and let me hear what he is saying." But that was precisely what he was taking care not to do; he also had seen Paul, and had been as quickly arrested by what he read in his face. Perhaps it was the instinct of a brotherhood: in any event it led him to cast a keen look upon Paul's drawing as he passed his easel, and his conversation with the professor at the other end of the room was not, as Paul imagined, upon subjects of high art, but inquiries about Paul himself, who he was, and where he had received instruction.

"I cannot tell you much of him," replied the professor. "I believe he is of foreign birth, although of American parentage. As

far as I can learn, he has had only ordinary advantages, but you can see what he promises."

The artist nodded, and strolled past Paul's seat again on his way out. But it was not his only visit, and the next time he made Paul's pulse leap with excitement, by coming and standing at his side until he had taken one long, careful look at his work, and then, turning suddenly towards him, he said, with a pleasant smile, "I am sure you will allow me the pleasure of introducing myself. My name is Eccles; you need not tell me yours, for I know it already. But where did you learn to draw?"

"Here, partly," replied Paul, the blue veins in his forehead coming quickly in view.

"But you have not been here long."

"How can he possibly know?" thought Paul, while he answered, "A friend has helped me a great deal; but I think I scarcely know the beginning."

"H—m," said the artist, half to himself.

Then to Paul, "Have you ever done any thing in oils?"

"Never," said Paul.

"Would you like to try?"

Paul's face answered for him; to paint in oils had been a dream for months, but he had determined to put it aside for the present, feeling that Marguerite was doing too much for him already; and since he came to the Academy and had seen how much lay before him, he had not thought of getting beyond his drawing for a time.

"Well, then, suppose you come round to my studio. Here is the address. I should like to put a brush into your hand."

At the end of another month, Paul was enjoying, besides his instructions at the Academy, daily lessons with his new friend, and the art-world, the existence of which he had suspected, broadened and brightened before him constantly.

In the studio were studies and sketches of Mr. Eccles's own, which became a continual

study for Paul: photographs from the works of the old masters almost without limit, several fine originals brought by Mr. Eccles from abroad, and two unfinished portraits of life-size.

Paul's progress was such as not only to satisfy the anticipations of the master, but to exceed them. The very first lesson seemed to give him a command of his materials, and it was not long before he had finished a copy which he really took some pride in carrying home to Marguerite.

But what possible motive an artist like Mr. Eccles could have in inviting him to his studio, and taking so much pains in teaching him, he could not imagine, and one day summoned courage to say so.

"Don't give yourself the least trouble on that score," replied Mr. Eccles; "I have my own reasons. I wished to see what you could do, at first, and now I think I may some day, when the rest of the world finds it out, be proud to remember that you began with me."

So it became a matter of course that Paul was as much in the studio as his master ; after a time having no more regular lessons, but working hard under the careful watching of Eccles ; his enthusiasm growing as he advanced : the only thing that kept pace with it being his strong and warm attachment to his artist friend. New interests did not, however, crowd out those that were older, and Arthur was no less his close friend than when he was the only one. Sometimes at home, sometimes at the studio, they were sure to meet, and Arthur was made the sharer of all Paul's aspirations and hopes : that is to say, as far as Paul's earnest language could make him so ; but his clear, practical mind did not always catch the full warmth and inspiration of his friend's.

"It is all very fine, Paulo," he said, one day, "and I don't know the thing in the world I would take in exchange for seeing you so happy ; but, after all, I'm not quite clear I should think it the greatest pleasure in life to sit here with a few colours spread on a palette,

and just brush, brush, from one month to another.”

Paul looked at Arthur a moment in amazement, and then laughed gayly.

“Now, Arthur, you are quizzing, and I am glad if it amuses you; but I know very well that you admire all these beautiful things as truly as I do, and that you feel the same change of life rising up in your soul and thrilling through it when you look at them. Oh, Arthur, to be an artist!—to live among such things, to create them, to feel that they are your own, and that you are to learn more and more of them forever!” The hair was tossed back, and the “black eyes” shone with a light such as Arthur had never seen in them before.

“No; I am not quizzing, and I don’t feel any thing strange thrilling through me: I only see that you are a genius and that I am proud of having you for a friend, and I expect to be more so as long as we both live and flourish!”

One day, so long after this that Arthur was

in college, and more than one of Paul's studies had been thought worthy of a place on the wall among those of his master, Paul came into the studio and found Eccles engaged in stretching a very large canvas.

"A new portrait," he said, in reply to Paul's look of inquiry: "a lady friend of mine; you would have seen her here before, but she has been in Europe for the last year."

Paul asked no further questions, but took his seat at his easel, and had quite forgotten all but his work when the door opened, and a lady and gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mr. Eccles, you are here! You see how punctual I am; and the doctor has come with me, he is so anxious that I get just the *pose* he wishes. But it is so long since I have had the happiness of being here, he must give me a few moments to look about. Treasures upon treasures! And here is the Vandyke of which you were telling me last evening! You must look at this, doctor. Is it not one of the best copies you have seen?"

The picture in question being duly admired, they passed on to others.

"Here is a perfect gem," went on the lady: "one of your very best. You certainly have the happiest way of doing these things."

"Yes," said the gentleman. "I should like that myself, if you will part with it."

Paul recognized the voice in an instant, although he had not heard it since the almost forgotten days of pain and trouble in the hospital; it was Doctor Varnum's. But, recollecting that, almost hidden in a deep window, he was put quite out of sight by his easel, he remained quietly at his work.

"That is not mine," said Eccles, "with all deference to your discernment. That is the work of a friend and pupil, and one of whom I expect a great deal."

"And well you may, if this is a fair sample of his promise," said the doctor. "Is he a young man?"

"Quite young," replied Eccles,—who had forgotten, in his haste with the canvas, that

Paul had come in,—“although he has been with me nearly two years. His name is Paul Eckart, and I flatter myself you will hear it to the credit of us both in years to come.”

“Paul Eckart!” repeated the doctor,—“the very name!” Then, turning to his wife, “Why did you not tell me? You have arranged this as a surprise!”

The surprise seemed to be upon the lady’s part, for she looked at her husband as if in the vain hope of discerning his meaning.

“You speak in enigmas, my dear doctor; I cannot even guess them.”

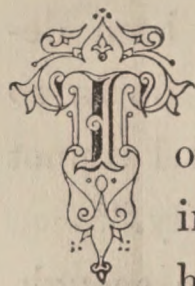
“Paul Eckart!” replied the doctor, growing excited; “that was the name of the little invalid in the hospital who interested me so much before you went abroad. I told you of him, and of his unusual talent, and you promised to introduce him to Mr. Eccles. I thought it must have slipped your mind; but I see now that you and Eccles have done even more than I could have asked.”

“Really, I never knew any one cherish such

strange delusions," replied the lady. "I am sure this is the first time I have ever even heard the name; although I hardly know how you could expect me to recollect all your patients. Of course I should have been delighted to have had any thing to do in so charming an affair,—delighted! but I cannot believe that I ever had the opportunity."

Paul thought he had heard quite enough, and, taking his hat, slipped out through a private door and did not return that day.

CHAPTER X.



HERE was no end to Paul's sketches of Marguerite. He seemed to find an inexhaustible study in her face, and he transferred it to his paper and his canvas in every possible aspect. She used to say, laughing, that she should some day be turned from a study to a statue; for whatever she was doing, whether sitting with a book in her hand, or bending over a piece of work, or musing before the fire, it was always, "Don't stir, now, Marguerite; there is the very *pose* I want;" and she found herself a prisoner until the sketch was finished.

"Hast thou not found all the outlines of this poor face yet?" she asked one day. "Thou shouldst have had more sisters to supply such rare wants."

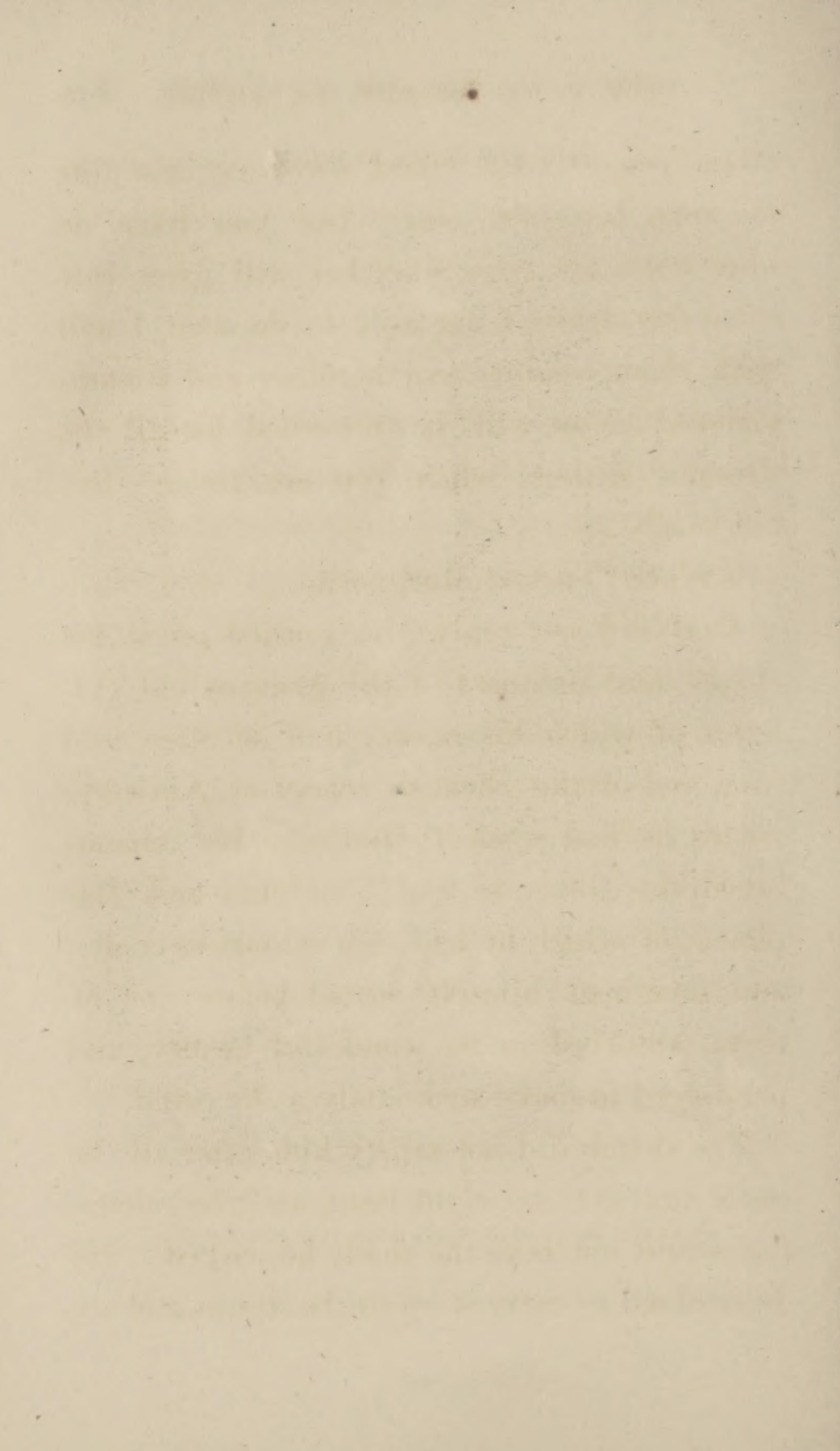
"No, thank you; a hundred sisters such as

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"Don't stir, Margueriete, there is the very pose I want."

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other people have could not serve me like my own beautiful one. And you have no idea what all these sketches will grow into some day, when I am able to do what I will with them,—saints and heroines and dream-visions! You will be rewarded for all the tiresome sittings when you see them. But not yet.”

“When?” asked Marguerite.

Paul did not reply; he worked on at his sketch, and dreamed of the glorious old galleries of which his master had so often told him, and of the Flemish school at Antwerp, where he had himself studied. He remembered the Rubenses and Vandykes and Raphaels, of which he had seen colourless copies, and imagined himself seated before one of them, absorbed in its wonderful beauty, and privileged to make such study as he could.

The sketch did not satisfy him, after all; he could not get the right light, and the colouring would not take the shade he wished. He determined to carry it up to the studio, and see

if better success would not attend him there. He worked at it for a day or two, and at last saw his reward approaching. The peculiar hue of Marguerite's sunny hair, and the strange light that always seemed to rest upon it, began to appear in the picture: it was the first time he had ever been able to get it, and he was delighted. He was just preparing to take the canvas down, when Mr. Eccles exclaimed over his shoulder,—

“Where did you get that face?”

“It is my sister,” replied Paul, a little disturbed, as he never allowed any one to see his sketches of Marguerite. He had thought Mr. Eccles away.

“And that hair!” went on his master. “Is it possible you have seen such hair as that? It is the very colour I have often seen in galleries abroad, but never in life. But you must have found the very reality, for you would never have imagined it.”

“This is as near as I can come to it,—and I have made a great many attempts,”—re-

plied Paul. "It has not quite the light of Marguerite's."


Eccles stood before the picture for some moments without a word. It was beautiful indeed, in its delicacy of outline, its sweetness and dreaminess of expression, the poise of the graceful head, and the wavy masses of golden hair. Then he turned suddenly to Paul.

"Paul," he said, "have I ever done any thing for you? Have I ever taught you any thing that you value?"

"Every thing," said Paul.

"Then will you ask your sister if she will sit for me? Some time,—whenever it pleases her. I can wait; but it is the face of all the world for study."

CHAPTER XI.



EARLY a year passed away, and Arthur's vacation had come once more. A happy time it always was for both himself and Paul, and sure to bring him to the studio for many a pleasant hour.

"Not tired of brushing yet?" he asked, one morning. "Here I am, almost through college, and you sitting just where I left you three years and a half ago. Now, there is some variety in my life. We pass from Freshmen to Sophomores, and then leave all that behind and find ourselves Seniors; we are handed over from one professor to another, and occasionally drop a study and take up a new one; but here you are, the same old sixpence, sitting at the same easel, with the same colours spread out before you. Every one to his taste, however."

"And, accordingly, you must always say

what you don't mean. I have the same professor, it is true, but new studies every day, and such as make your mathematics look a hundred times as dry as dust. But suppose you were to come here some bright morning, and find I had left easel, studio, professor and all, and gone to look for something new?"

Arthur was about to make a light reply, supposing Paul to be in jest, but one glance at his face sobered him. He had laid down his brush and was looking earnestly at Arthur, but with a bright smile, full of meaning, and the hair tossed from his forehead, as in old days.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Arthur.

"Where do you think I would like best to go?"

"To Europe, I suppose, of course; but——"

"And why not to Europe? That is a thing that happens to unworthy young artists sometimes."

"Tell me what you mean, Paul," said Arthur, growing a little excited.

“Nothing more or less than that a gentleman, who is a great admirer of Mr. Eccles, and often comes here, condescended the other day to admire a little thing that Mr. Eccles’s pupil had done, and the end of it all is, he wishes me to go abroad and study for a year, and in the mean time to paint two or three pictures for him, the price of which shall cover my expenses.”

“Hurrah!” cried Arthur, springing from his seat and swinging his cap around his head with such vigour as greatly to endanger Mr. Eccles’s easel and all the pictures near. “Hurrah! There’s a specimen of things coming out exactly right,—genius encouraged, labour rewarded, hard times in the past made up by good ones at hand! But you deserve it all, Paulo, if ever any one did! Let’s shake hands.”

“Don’t get excited,” said Paul, laughing. “I can’t go if you spoil a few of these pictures, and I have to stop and put them to rights. Otherwise, I hope to be off in a fortnight. It

will be a little hard saying good-by to one or two, though," he added.

"Never mind me," replied Arthur. "I'll follow in a few months, if all goes well. My father has made me the offer of going abroad when I graduate, and this will decide me. But Marguerite, what will she do?"

"I don't feel the least anxiety on her account," said Paul, with a twinkle in his eye; "I think I leave her in pretty good hands."

"What do you mean? Is there more news this morning?"

Paul nodded.

"You don't mean Eccles!"

"Yes; I believe there is to be a wedding before I go; and you are invited."

This time Arthur sent his cap spinning across the room, regardless of every thing, came back and caught Paul by both hands instead of one, and then stood before him rubbing his eyes vigorously.

"I'm not dreaming, old fellow. You are quite sure?"

“Never fear,” said Paul; “I have been dreaming of this long enough myself, but I’m wide awake just now. And let me tell you, Arthur, as far as we can see, I should have been at this very moment the cripple you first knew me, and Marguerite wearing out her life in some dismal work for both of us,—I should never have found that my talent was worth any thing, and none of these joyful things would ever have happened, if you had not looked in at my window that sunshiny morning long ago.”

“How could I help it? I should never have looked in if you had not looked out with those eyes of yours.”

“But I looked ‘out’ plenty of other times, and plenty of people looked ‘in,’ without its making any difference in life to me. So you see you can’t creep round the truth in that way. If you had looked ‘in’ like some others,—Dr. Varnum, for instance,—you would not have produced any great commotion. I remember, as long ago as that very morning, when I first

saw your face at the window, he had been to see me, and promised he would send me something down. How I watched and waited to see if it would come! Not that I wanted whatever he would send, but for the sake of the excitement, you know: I was so horribly dull. But it never came, and I never saw him again until you and my own dear doctor got me into the hospital. There he praised my drawing, and said he should do himself the pleasure to see more of it; and when do you think he saw either my work or myself again? Why, here, in this very room,"—and he gave Arthur an account of the conversation he had unintentionally overheard between the doctor and his wife.

Arthur broke into peals of laughter at Paul's perfect imitation of the speaker, although Paul intended to give only a very quiet representation of the scene.

"Good!" said he, as the story was finished; "it seems you paint with words as well as with colours. I only wonder I never found

it out before. It is a sad thing, though, that the memory of either the doctor or the lady is so much awry. Poor Paulo! you would have had a long time of it waiting for the two to remember you at the same happy moment."

"I did not need them, fortunately; and, thanks to you, I am indebted to you for every happy change in my life."

"Nonsense," said Arthur, embarrassed at the turn the conversation was taking; "there are the doctor and Eccles."

"I never should have seen either of them if it had not been for you."

"Well, as to the doctor, perhaps not. I remember what a cold shiver came over me when papa said I was the one to go for him. But Eccles, I am sure, you owe to your own genius."

"Not first of all: I owe my health and my skill to the doctor and to Eccles; but I owe their friendship to you, and yours to the pitying kindness of the dear Lord, who was really looking down upon me in those dark days,

as Marguerite said, and who has never ceased to follow me with every good gift."

"Well," said Arthur, "I don't know who received the greatest gift when we became friends; I only know we have had mighty good times together, and always shall, so long as our lives are spared."

"Yes, *always*," said Paul,—“not so long as our lives are spared, but through that eternal life which is given us in the blessed Christ.”

"Where are you going first?" asked Arthur, after a pause.

"To Antwerp, to the school where Eccles studied. After that I expect to visit some of the principal galleries, and to spend some months in Switzerland."

"Then by the time you leave the school and are ready to travel, look out for me,—that is to say, if you invite me to join you."

Still another year had passed, and in the very room from which Arthur had once heard such pleasant sounds when waiting to be summoned by the noiseless footman, a gentleman

sat chatting with the doctor. It was just as cheery as it had seemed to Arthur those five years ago; the doctor had not grown older by a line in his face, or a gray hair, and his own perfect strength and beaming smile gave the same feeling that cure and comfort were sure to enter the sick room at his side.

“So you are the fortunate man who owns that picture!” exclaimed the gentleman, as his eye fell upon a landscape hung near the doctor’s table. “I saw that at the last exhibition at the Academy, and offered almost any price for it, but was told it could not be purchased.”

“That, sir,” said the doctor, rising, and standing before it with a look of pride and delight,—“that, sir, is the work of a former patient of mine, whom I was so happy as to set on his feet again after a long season of lameness. He sent it to me from abroad. Pretty well done, is it not? I don’t know the thing in my house I am so proud of as that.”

“And well you may be. Do you think I could get him to do something for me?”

“Very possibly,” said the doctor,—“very possibly. A young artist abroad for his first year is not apt to be overcrowded with orders.”

“He shall be, though,” returned the gentleman. “I shall not be satisfied till I have a mate to your picture, and the fame of two or three like that will soon bring him more orders than he can meet in three years. We shall hear of him, sir. Why, sir, he is a genius!”

Yes, he was a genius, and, as we have seen, better than a genius,—a Christian! And he abundantly repaid his first friend for all his good offices; for to his example, his persuasion, and his prayers, Arthur ascribed that saving change by which he became, as he humbly trusted, “wise unto salvation.”

Reader! are there no Pauls among the children of poverty, sickness, and sorrow to whom *you* can be “as angels of God?”

THE END.

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